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those discourses, it was that they sometimes had the character of what one would call *moral dissertations*. The text was always given out in Latin, which is customary in the Roman Church, and is another instance, amongst so many, of the utter reluctance that Church evinces against the Scriptures being heard "read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested" in the vernacular tongue, not even giving the people a chance of hearing a portion of it "by way of a text." "Bibliophobia" would not be an improper term for that characteristic aversion. That such a style of preaching must have been highly displeasing in some quarters—that the plain-spoken "Padre" suffered persecution, nay, that he even received anonymous threats of being poisoned, or assassinated, if he persisted in that line—will, hence, not be surprising, and is too well known and remembered. On hearing him preach, one was forcibly struck with the idea, "That man knows the truth."

After this the question might naturally be asked; Why did the intolerant and wary Church of Rome appoint such a man to an office of that power and eminence? The reason perhaps, is, that in so doing it made him "less obnoxious," as troublesome commoners are sometimes got out of the way, by being raised to the peerage (the so-called *fall up stairs*), or to lull the apprehensions of Protestants as yet "half inclined," and to allure them over, by seemingly patronizing evangelical principles, thus more effectually to hide the danger, lurking behind, that of "superstition and slavery." The reader of that circular will observe two points particularly striking—first, that the name of the Virgin or of any of the saints is not even mentioned, and secondly, that the archbishop attributes the scourge of the cholera to divine chastisement, looking upon it as a visitation for the sins of the people (not like the archbishop of Genoa, who, in his letter, attributes it to "the liberty of the Press!") It is also remarkable that he dissuades people from walking in procession and attending extraordinary church solemnities in great crowds, confessing naively that experience has proved such assemblages to be highly prejudicial to public health, and that people should *pray*, but not tempt God. I shall only add further, that recent accounts from the neighbouring city of Leghorn describe it as completely deserted in consequence of that visitation, that the greater part of the shops were closed, and that the railway companies have suffered to a large amount through the panic, the excursion trains having been discontinued, as there was no one to go by them.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
VIATOR.

The following is the translation of the letter alluded to.  
PASTORAL LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF LUCCA.

"If, when scrutinizing our consciences without pride and self-deception, we feel that our guilty lives are the cause of that pestilence that comes every day nearer and nearer to us; if, to appease the divine anger roused against us, our first care ought to be to detest our wickedness, to implore God's forgiveness, and to make all the amends in our power, that does not dispense with our duty to use all those precautions which experience as well as the theories of men of science have pointed out as necessary for preserving these our frail bodies from the Asiatic cholera, which is threatening us at present, and, indeed, we find it written in Ecclesiasticus (xxxviii. 1, 2, &c.)—"Of the most High cometh healing. The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them. The virtue of remedies belongs to the knowledge of men and the Lord has revealed their properties to them. With such doth he heal men, and taketh away their pains. My son, in thy sickness be not negligent, but pray unto the Lord, and he will make thee whole; leave off from sin, and order thine hands aright, and cleanse thy heart from all wickedness, and then give place to the physician; and let him not go from thee on account of thy necessity, for the highest Lord has created him."

Not wishing, therefore, to disregard those precautions which are universally recognised as useful for the preservation of our bodily health in the present dangerous contingencies, we have determined as follows:—

1. So long as in this our diocese the Asiatic epidemic has not ceased, we give everybody permission to eat meat on the forbidden days and each day that dispensation is taken advantage of, we desire (without fettering your consciences thereby) that you would recite an act of contrition, abominating all the iniquities that have called down God's anger upon us. And here, brethren and children, we cannot refrain from putting you in mind of the duty of temperance, which, if always a duty of a Christian conscience, is now also a certain means of preservation against the threatening mortality. We read again in Ecclesiasticus xxxi. 20, xxxvii. 30—"The pain of watching, and cholera, and pangs of the belly, are with an insatiable man—excess of meats bringeth sickness, and surfeiting will turn into cholera."

2. In case symptoms of cholera should have manifested themselves in any locality, we forbid all processions and extraordinary religious ceremonies likely to attract great crowds of people, since it has now become an historical well-ascertained fact that such assemblages are prejudicial to public health, on account of the facility of contagion. We ought to *pray*, but not to tempt God.

3. We recommend to the parish priests and sacristans the attending most particularly in the present time to the cleanliness and decency of the churches, taking care to have them properly ventilated, especially during the time of public worship.

4. We order all priests to recite in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar instead of the prayer—"A domo tua," the following:—"Pro vitanda mortalitate," and that until the cessation of the present epidemic. And here, permit us, dearest, again to remind you that "sin is a reproach to any people" (Proverbs xiv., 34)—that, let the Almighty cast us down or lift us up, let Him afflict or comfort us, it is always for our benefit—that He wills not the death of a sinner, but that he should be converted and live. O combat, therefore, with the energy of your souls an evil endangering our mortal existence; humble yourselves under the omnipotent hand of God; reform your lives, and the scourge which appals us now with so many horrors will be changed for us into a mercy and we shall afterwards be able to give thanks and rejoice for those days of sorrow and affliction.

The all-merciful God grant you peace, concord, charity, tranquillity of mind, resignation such as, with our blessing, we wish you all to obtain from on high.

Lucca, from our Archiepiscopal Palace,  
August 16, 1854.

✕ T. GIULIO, Archbishop.  
CARLO BISCOTTI, Chancellor  
of the Diocese.

### A PORTUGUESE MIRACLE!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR—Allow me to send you a short story, illustrative of the modern miracles which you have been lately exposing in your paper.

In Lisbon, the priests, some years ago, found, or pretended to have found, an image dug up from the earth, and proclaimed it to be the effigy of an eminent saint. It was, accordingly, set up in one of the churches, where crowds of devotees assembled to offer their devotions. To his saintship was referred the decision of the then disputed point—"Who was the legitimate monarch of Portugal?" The officiating priest put the question in an audible voice—"Is Don Pedro the lawful sovereign of the realms?" The saint shook his head as a negative indication. "Is Don Miguel the sovereign?" The image nodded assent. This was repeated on various occasions to increased congregations, and was considered by the multitude as an astonishing miracle. At one time, in the presence of my informant, the first inquiry had been replied to as usual; to the second, no answer was returned, upon which the priest several times repeated the question, and at length assumed great vehemence of manner, when a boy popped out his head from behind the curtain, and exclaimed, "It is not my fault, sir, the string is broken."

Possibly, sir, the winking image of the Virgin, at Rimini, may have ceased to wink from some similar reason. Can any of your readers inform me whether any Italian priest has ventured to expose this imposture in the same manly way in which the French Abbé Deleone seems to have done that of our Lady of La Salette—*alias* Constance Lamerliere!

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
SCRUTATOR.

### THE WAY TO SAVE LIVES IN THE CRIMEA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

HONOURED SIR—I got your paper to read a couple of times from a friend, and I was greatly took with it; for your honour seems to be very kind to poor men like myself, who has but very little learning. Well, sir, when I seen Dan Carthy's letter in your paper, says I to myself, he is a kind, good gentleman to print such a poor man's letter, and maybe he would be good enough to print a letter for me too—moreover, as my letter may do some good for the poor soldiers who are fighting to death out in the war.

The way, your honour, that I came to know about doing the soldiers so much good entirely was, as I'll tell you straight.

The other day a woman came to me, and says she—"Humphrey, dear, I came to trouble you for to write a couple of words for me to my son, who is fightin' with the Rooshins in Sebastable; 'tis only a couple of words," says she, "I have to tell him, and you won't be a minute writing it," says she. So, your honour, I began to write the letter as well as ever I could; for I thought it would look mighty disgraceful entirely to send a bad letter so far away. I *felt up* the paper, and was going to give it the finishing stroke, and says I—"I am going to put your name to it now." "Oh, Humphrey, avourneen," says she, "for the love of all the saints keep a little corner of it empty a while, for I am sending him something," says she, "and I want you to explain it to him." "But," says I, "I *felt it all up*, only one little bit that will be hardly long enough for your name." "And," says she, "will you fill another piece of paper for me, for I want to send him a thing that will save his life." With that, your honour, when I heard that she was to save his life, "of course I will

write," says I. Well, sir, when I began to write she pult a little weeney bit of a red silk purse out of her bosom, that was for all the world as big as a tailor's thimble; and "and," says she, "Humphrey, agra, tell my son that I am sending him the blessed stones of Barigowen well inside in this purse; and tell him, that if he'll receive them, and wear them in this purse round his neck with the same faith that his own mother is sending them to him, that there will be no fear of him, please God; and that he will come home safe and sound again; for any one that ever wore them blessed stones about his peck *could not be harmed*." Well, your honour, I looked mighty curious at the little purse, and I thought it very quare entirely that a small little bit like that could save one's life. To be sure I knew that Biddy Corcoran, and many of the neighbours, took her lame child there to be cured; but I never heard that the little pebbles had any power at all; and so I says—"Is it in earnest you are, or do you think them stones will save him?" "Oh," says she, "I am sure if they overtake him alive that there will be no fear of him." Well, then I remembered to hear many one say that the priest wouldn't let one go to a well; "and," says I, "I'll bet my life Father Mick won't let you send the stones, nor go to the well at all at all." With that, sir, she gave a jump, "and," says she, "'deed, then, Father Mick knows that I gave rounds at the well for my son, and that I sent him the lining\* of the well in a letter, and he did not say 'ill you did it to me when I told him of it.'" Well, I hadn't a word to say when I heard that Father Mick knew all about it. So I stopt for a while, "and," says I, "after all, I am thinking it might be better for you to pray to God to spare your son to you than to be sending those little stones; for I read somewhere that God is mighty jealous of his honour; and, perhaps, you or your son may lose your life by provoking him against you." With that, sir, she looked very cross; "and," says she, "I will send the stones at any rate, for I am sure they will do the good." So, then, when I saw that she could not be put off, and that she kept a firm hold of the purse, I told her son that his mother was sending him the stones of Barigowen well, and that she said they would save him from the Rooshen bullets. Since she sent off that letter, she sent for the priest to say Mass for her son; so that between the stones and Mass I suppose he is all right. To finish, sir, the reason I send this account to you is, that, if you think the stones could save our poor countrymen who are fighting in the trenches, you would advise the people to send them off at once; they wouldn't increase the postage much, for a little sample of them would save ever so many.

I remain, sir, your humble servant till death,  
HUMPHREY LEARY.

### FARMING OPERATIONS FOR JULY.

(From the Irish Farmer's Gazette).

In the more favoured districts this is the principal month for hay-making, some general directions for which we gave in our last impression, and would recapitulate the principal points necessary to attend to, which consist in preserving the nutritious saccharine matter, by cutting before the principal grasses form woody fibre. Cut as close as possible, tedding it out after the scythe, gathering it up into windrows or lap-cocks, before the dew begins to fall, to keep airing it, and gradually increasing the size of the cocks each day, so as to permit the expulsion and evaporation of the superabundant water, and retain the concentrated juices and colour; avoid cutting in wet weather, and lose no time, after being properly seasoned, in permanently securing it in ricks, to prevent waste and deterioration in quality.

Weeds now spring up in every direction, and should be quickly destroyed by hand or horse hoeing, or scuffling between the crops, and by the scythe or reaping-hook along the ditches, pastures, or roadsides, and thistles and docks pulled out of the corn; the earlier in their growth weeds are destroyed the better; but none should be allowed to mature their seeds—"one year's seeding entails seven years' weeding"—and not only seven but many more years. Weeds make a great addition to the manure heap, if gathered before perfecting their seeds; but if the seeds are matured, or nearly so, they must be burned.

Potatoes, if planted early, will have their second earthing given long since, whether in drills or ridges; but no time should now be lost in doing so, where that operation has been neglected.

Mountain or Bog Land, in a state of reclamation, may still be pared and burned, when the ashes should be spread, and either ploughed or dug in, well pulverized with the harrows and roller, and sown with rape—to be eaten off by sheep—cut and carried for house feeding or let stand for a seed crop.

Rape or Cabbage plants sown last month may be planted after the early potatoes are dug, or in land lately occupied with winter vetches, removed too late for sowing turnips.

Cabbages of the dwarf or large York varieties should be sown in rich, well-tilled beds by the middle of the month, for planting out in September and October; they give a large amount of nutritive feeding to sheep or lambs in April and May.

\* The moss which grows on the inside of the well.